

From The Highland Democrat Peekskill N.Y. Sept 23/11

THE NEW PRESIDENT

OF THE SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION OF
HARRIS LIGHT CAVALRY

Sergeant Thomas W. Jones Unanimously Elected on Wednesday.

Sketch of His Career

Thomas W. Jones was elected president of the Harris Light Cavalry Association at the annual reunion in Peekskill this week. Sergeant Jones, as he was known officially when mustered out of the United States service, had a most interesting history as a soldier, although he did not spend over two years with his regiment.

Mr. Jones was born in England, November 21, 1841, the son of Thomas Jones and Christian Smallman. His parents came to this country while he was but a babe. He attended school at Utica and then went into the lumber business. When he was eighteen years of age he went to New York City and was employed with White & Childs, wholesalers.

Stories from the front caused him to enlist in Company F, Second New York Cavalry (Harris Light) on Sept. 9, 1861. He was promoted to corporal, then to sergeant, and on September 22, 1863, was taken prisoner at Liberty Mills on the Rapidan along with sixty-five other comrades who remained from a battalion of 125 under Major McKervan, who were ordered to cross the river with two pieces of artillery. Zeb Stuart's Cavalry were their captors. They were taken to Libby Prison and after two days were sent to Belle Isle. The following spring he with a comrade, Cornelius F. Gilberts, took advantage of a reduced guard, due to Dahlgren's raid in that vicinity and escaped from the prison. They attempted to swim the river. Gilberts was drowned, and Jones was so exhausted when he reached the other side he gave up and went back to captivity. He weighed at that time fifty-two pounds, having been reduced from 135 pounds. Six weeks later he was sent to Libby, and from there to Andersonville. On the way he with two others escaped from a freight car crossing the Dan River. They were recaptured and sent to Andersonville. On September 12, 1864, he with John McDermott, of Pennsylvania, escaped near Tenille Station, Ga. They reached the Union lines at Decatur, near Atlanta, Ga., September 19; were kindly treated and given clothes, as they were almost naked. The Ninth Michigan Cavalry was the regiment among whom they found themselves. With a lot of other soldiers they were sent North. At Rufus Station they were surrounded by rebel cavalry and were sent to Selma, Ala., thence by boat to Cahaba, Ala. This was eight weeks before Christmas. They were transferred to Montgomery, Ala., and Mr. Jones again escaped, this time alone. He reached Auburn and found a slave, the property of Dr. LeMar, who gave him something to eat. This slave had escaped, but had returned to visit his sister. Just one month before Christmas, 1864, he with the Negro started for

the Union lines at Dallas, Ga., where they arrived on Christmas Day. There the darky was taken in charge by the Christian Commission and Mr. Jones was sent to Louisville, Ky. arriving there on January 2. On the eighth of January he reached Utica, and from there went to New York to apply for his discharge, being a physical wreck. Thirty days later he was mustered out of service.

Following the war he spent nine years in the trucking business, and forty-one years ago received an appointment in the New York Post Office, where he is still employed.

A few years after the war he married Miss Sarah McCann. She died seven years ago, leaving three daughters and two sons. Mr. Jones resides at West Orange, New Jersey, with his family.

His fund of anecdotes of the war and particularly the incidents of his attempts to escape from the Rebels, would make very interesting reading, did space permit of their publication.

An Incident of the Late Civil War.

DURING the later period of the war the question of supplies for the Army of the Confederacy became so serious that various expedients were resorted to in order to enable them to continue the struggle. For about two years their supply of ammunition had depended upon successful running of the blockade, but so many of the vessels had been captured that one of the ordnance bureau devised a scheme for providing the necessary ingredient (salt petre), and as an experiment inserted the following advertisement in the Salem, Ala., *Sentinel*:

"The ladies of Salem are respectfully requested to preserve their chamber lye, as it is very needful to the cause of the Confederacy in the manufacture of NITRE—a necessary ingredient of gun powder. Wagons with barrels will be sent to the residences daily to collect and remove the same."

(Signed) **JOHN HARROLSON,**
Agent Ordnance & Mining Bureau.

The scheme was so original, not to say unique, that a local wit (home on sick leave) perpetrated the following, which was printed and quickly circulated:

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, you are a funny creature,
You've given to this cruel war a new and curious feature.
You'd have us think, while every man is bound to be a fighter,
The women (bless the pretty dears) should save their P for Nitre.

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, where did you get the notion
To send your barrels 'round the town to gather up the lotion?
We thought the woman's duty done in keeping house and d'dling,
But now you'd put the pretty dears to patriotic piddling.

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, do pray invent a neater
And somewhat less immodest mode of making your salt petre.
The thing's so very queer, you know, gunpowder like and cranky,
That when a lady "jerks her brine" she shoots a bloody Yankee.

It so happened that one of these copies was used as a wrapper upon a plug of tobacco sent by a "Johnny Reb." to a Federal picket in exchange for a ration of coffee, and Corporal B.—— of the —— Vermont Regiment (a Dartmouth graduate), wrote the following impromptu and returned to the sender, with his compliments. No rejoinder was ever returned to our lines:

John Harrolson, John Harrolson, we've read in song and story,
How women's tears in all these years have sprinkled fields of glory;
But ne'er before did women help their braves in deeds of slaughter
'Till Southern beauties DRIED their tears and went to MAKING water.

No wonder, "John," you boys are brave; who would not be a fighter
If every time he shot his gun he used his sweetheart's nitre?
And vice versa, what could make a Yankee soldier madder,
Than dodg'd bullets fired from a pretty woman's bladder?

We've heard it said a subtle smell still lingered in this powder,
And as the smoke grew thick, and the din of battle louder,
That there was found in this compound a serious objection—
The soldiers could not snuff it without causing an erection.

'Tis clear now why desertion is so common from your ranks;
An Artic's nature's needed to withstand "Dame Venus" pranks.
A Southerner can't stand the press—when once he's had a smell,
He's got to have "a piece" or bust, the cause can go to H——1.